

THE ONLOOKER: What He Sees and What He Hears.....

Stories of clocks have long excited public curiosity, and this one is a true tale. A few evenings ago the guests assembled at a North Side home for a card party. On the mantle was an old clock that had not run for several years, and had no pendulum. Just as the guests sat down to begin the game they were startled by the clock striking. It began running and afterwards struck several times more. While the phenomenon cannot be explained by the hostess, she is not superstitious, and the card party was not disturbed by the incident, except as to the curiosity excited.

"Do you know," said a prominent river man yesterday, "that Paducah is the most important port from Cincinnati to New Orleans? It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that more boats land at Paducah than at most any inland city in the country. In addition to the regular packets, all the Tennessee and Cumberland river boats land here, all the tie boats, thirty or more in number, and many of the bigger towboats. During the winter there is often \$600,000 worth of floating property here for winter quarters, most of which is contained in the Leyhe fleet.

"The other morning while coming up the river I met a fleet of seven boats, all coming from Paducah, and all bound for Brooklyn. A fleet of seven boats is something not often seen about here."

Those who do not think a railroad man's life is a hard one know very little about it.

One of the engineers now at home on a "lay off" was regaling a crowd of his friends with an account of his daily routine yesterday.

"Last night was the first time in two years," he declared, "that I slept at night. I have been holding a night run, and had to do my sleeping in day time. Another thing, for the first time in seven months I ate dinner today. I was always asleep at dinner time, so I did without it. You may say what you please, but I'm glad to get down to other people's ways, even if for only a short time."

A well known man of the county who is very fond of his toddy, called on a sick friend last week and found a neighbor present. The neighbor is a rank prohibitionist, and the conversation drifted to an abuse of whisky, in which the man-who-likes-his-toddy cordially joined, just to be agreeable.

His eyes wandered about until they rested on a bottle with a whisky firm's label on the outside—and very interesting looking stuff on the inside. The bottle was on a shelf in the next room, and excusing himself he went in took it down, and followed by his curious nephew hid himself with it under his coat to the smoke house. He removed the cork, took a deep, gurgling draught—and then collapsed. He sputtered and coughed and strangled, and shouted lustily for help. His vigilant nephew fled in terror to the house and told his ma she'd better go to Uncle Dick, as he had drank nearly all her vinegar.

Uncle Dick thought he was poisoned but when he found it was only vinegar, he wiped his streaming eyes and mumbled something unpretty about fools who didn't label bottles so people would know what was in them, and left.

The prohibitionist in the house, who saw the bottle and the abrupt departure of his erstwhile ally, is wondering what he expected to find in the bottle.

Dr. P. H. Stewart and several of his friends, so they say, are very fond of what Col. J. R. Dorris would call a "tremper." Only they like it fried nice and brown. In plain English, they like pig's feet—fried pig's feet. A

"tremper" according to Col. Dorris' lexicon, is a pig's foot.

Last Monday they received a message to come over to a downtown restaurant and get a taste of their favorite—pig's feet fried nice and brown.

Little did they suspect that the cook had been busy all the morning tightly packing the pig's feet with cotton. Dipped into batter and fried, nobody under the sun but a safe blower could have gotten into one, although they looked like the real stuff.

The doctor and his friends, as I said, didn't know all this. They sat down at a table, and like old King Cole called for what they wanted. The fried feet arrived. Dr. Stewart's mouth twitched impatiently as he got a whiff of the savory odor. The next fifteen minutes he and his friends spent in trying to break into the delicacies. But they couldn't cut 'er. Finally it dawned on them that it was All Fools' day, and they didn't stop to join the front room gang. They heard them, and that was enough. They all went out the way they came—the back way.

Mr. Gus Burnett, a well known Paducah boy, and owner of that great favorite, Sir Edwin Arnold, the pacer, has a regular race course at his home near Hazelwood, Ballard county. Friends who recently came from Ballard say Mr. Burnett is admirably fixed up. He has a half-mile race track at his place, and it is a good one, with stables and training quarters galore. He uses the track in training his colts, and has quite a string of them. Life on a stock farm agrees with him, and he is doing well financially, all of which his friends here will be glad to learn.

Marshal Collins says it isn't often that a man pays the same fine twice. But a day or two ago one did this

very thing, strange to say. He was fined for breach of ordinance, and the bill was sent to his store. The clerk paid it, and in the meantime the man himself dropped into the marshal's office, and being unaware of what his clerk had done, paid it again. As the money collected from the clerk had not been turned in to the marshal, the latter didn't know it had been paid and promptly took the money. Later in the day the mistake was discovered and the man was given back half the money.

Placing love-lorn notes in bottles for the purpose of locating sweethearts indicates that the men are getting scarce up the river. It is sad indeed that the girls are compelled to adopt such desperate means for finding beaux, but doubtless it can't be helped. A few days ago a gentleman found two notes dated at Smithland in a bottle, and a day or two later another man at the foot of the tow-head, found a big bottle containing five notes from as many different girls. He had to break the bottle to rescue the bunch of precious documents. The young ladies all live up the Ohio river, are all pretty—they say—and will doubtless hear from their missives in due time. If the girls keep this sort of thing up, however, bottles will become more attractive than ever to the men of Kentucky.

Nothing has yet been done by the city fathers towards abating the nuisance of small boys driving delivery wagons in Paducah. They continue to go through the streets daily at a breakneck speed, endangering the life of anybody who happens to be in the way, with absolutely no protection for the public. The council has promised to pass an ordinance some time in the near future, keeping boys off wagons, and it is eagerly awaited by a suffering public.

A WELCOME SACRIFICE.

His heart that once felt sad and rent
Now feels a great revival;
His girl has promised him this Lent
That she'd give up his rival.
—Judge's Library.
All's not old that titters.

PASSING COMMENTS.

Miss April turned the cold shoulder on every one when she came out.

We hear much of Funston and De Wet and their deeds of valor, yet how many daring feats of the every-day people about us are sufficient to blaze their names in song and story, if we only knew of them. Just recently a Paducah young man was the sole guest of honor at a club composed of some dozen or more charming young bachelor maids, and sang "Promise Me" after the most approved and fascinating style to them. There have been no breach of promise suits as yet, but it may be, the young man realized there was "safety in numbers."

There is a young man in the Zenda club who believes strongly that "woman's mission is sub-mission"—to her husband at least. He expressed himself very emphatically along that line in a public talk recently, so we are not giving him away by this comment. As we have the assertion of another member of the Zenda club to the effect that the epidemic of marrying seems to have broken out quite fatally in their club, we merely give this as a warning to the girls. Fore-warned is fore armed, you know.

When Daisy wore her Easter bonnet, The chappies all just gazed upon it, They swore they'd buy it in a minute If the could get the girl within it.

Now Daisy wears her Easter bonnet, Her wrathful husband heaps coals on it, And swears he'd smash it in a minute. If he could smash the wife within it.

The above is not original with us, but was clipped from an exchange by —sad to relate—a man! It savors somewhat of a cynicism that we did not deem him guilty, but do not let the awful warning conveyed therein keep you from wearing your Easter bonnet today, with as smiling a face and as dainty a grace as ever you can. Enjoy your Easter while you may,

with no thought of future Easters with possible "frowning husbands" to mar your pleasure in being alive and pretty today. And rest assured, dear girl, that the very cynic who gave the poem is one of the "chappies" who are gazing appreciatively on your Easter loveliness and bloom.

A name for the new fancy summer drink that the enterprising soda water man will spring on us this year, has already been suggested. It is the "Prismatic Soul Reviver." Readers of "Babs the Impossible" will remember this remarkable concoction of "Mr. Jellybond Tinney's" which contained no intoxicant and "had all the desired effect and none of the undesired." Could any one make it as did the "immortal Jellybond" his fortune would be assured.

This, illustrative of woman's inability to take an impersonal view of any question, is told by a city librarian who is in a position to see much of the humorous side of human nature.

Two ladies came in one day, and one asked for James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law."

"You don't want that book," her friend remonstrated.

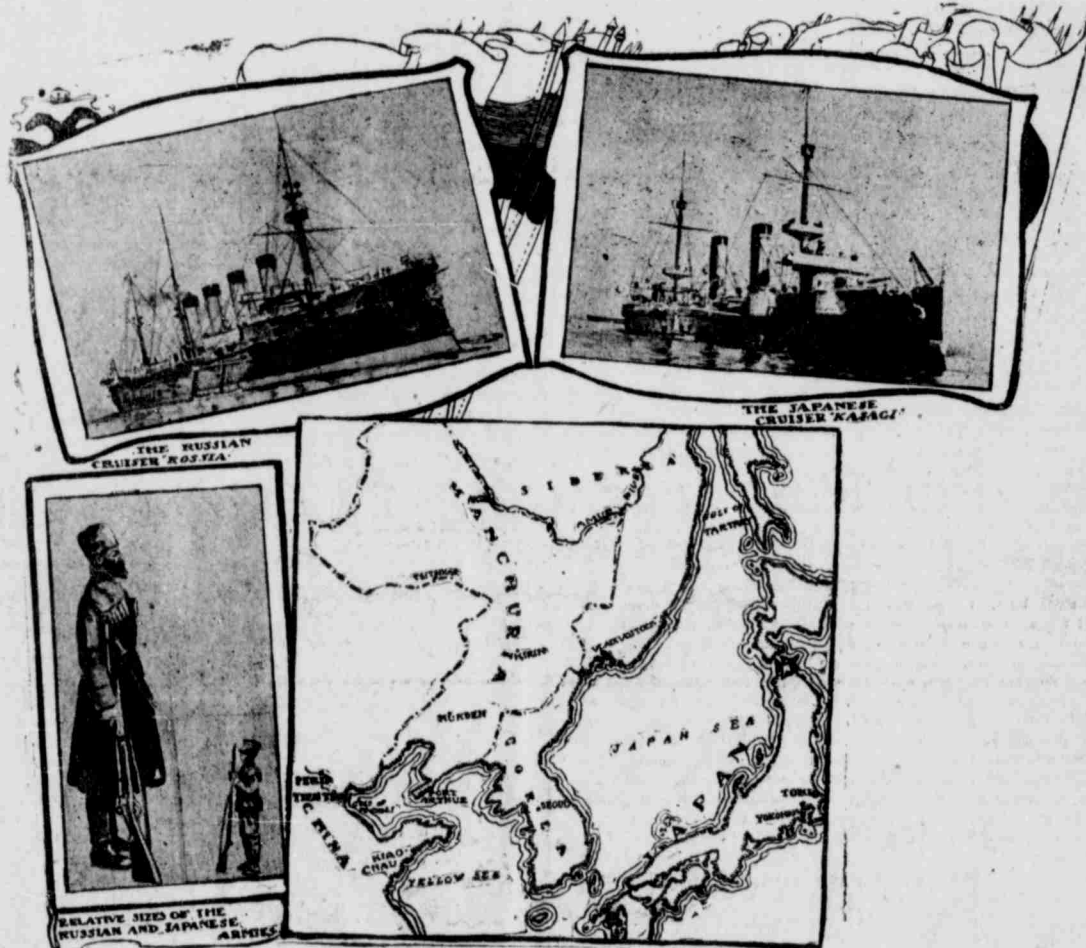
"Why?" she inquired.

"Well, it is all about hemp, and our husbands are tobaccoists."

That settled the question at once, and they left without the "Idyl of the Hemp" that should have been about tobacco.

Among the many "good things" of the Twentieth century, it is said, there will be 34 leap years, the greatest number possible. An exchange in noticing this begins to congratulate woman on the leap year privilege outlook for her, but goes on to lament that like most of the good things in life it comes too late, for before the century is many years old, he feels it is his prophetic soul—of course, it's a man—that woman will have assumed men's rights and that of offering marriage among them, or she will not need leap year any more. What will man do then, poor thing! poor thing! Doubtless he will become more spiritually inclined, and turn his thoughts towards heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN PREPARING FOR FRAY.



The above map shows the territory over which Russia and Japan are at loggerheads. Naval experts emphatically declare that in the struggle of Japan against Russia the odds against the former little nation are not as great as is generally supposed. While, as will be seen by a glance at the above picture, Russia's military strength vastly exceeds that of Japan, the latter is Russia's equal, if not her superior on Asiatic seas. Not only does Japan enjoy a superiority of tonnage to the extent of 77,000 tons, but many of her ships are of very great power and efficiency.